THE NORTHERN-STAR.

A POEM

SACRED To The

NAME *and* MEMORY,

Of the IMMORTAL

CZAR *of* RUSSIA.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

OF *Two former Editions of this Poem, the firſt was publiſh'd about Seven Years ſince: before the* Czar *had ſecur'd, or attempted, any Sea-port in the* Caſpian. *The Glorious Conqueſts, He has made, ſince that Time, on the Side of* Georgia, *and* Perſia, *have lent the Air of a* Prophecy *to one Part of the Poem; And I* grieve *for the Blow, which* his *lamented, and important* Death *has given, to the Hopes of the* Chriſtian World, *which, I am firmly perſuaded, wou'd have ſeen a Re-eſtabliſhment of its* ruin'd Empire, *in the*

Eaſt; *and thereby another* Prediction, *in this Poem*, verified; *if it had pleas'd the Almighty* Bounder *of* Time, *and* Nature, *to have proportion'd this Great Prince's* Life, *to the Extent of his prodigious* Purpoſes.

THERE was ſomething ſo unlimitted, *and ſo* enterprizing, *in his Genius, that it more than made* credible, *the moſt* improbable *of thoſe vaſt Succeſſes, which caſt ſuch Luſtre on* Antiquity! —*And They, who look'd forward into the ſpringing Events of* Time, *ſaw a great, and terrible, Dominion, like a Tempeſt from the* North, *overſpreading the States of* Europe, *with an Inundation of* Fifth Monarchy.

WE, who had the Honour to live, Cotemporaries, *with This* egregious Spirit, *were deaden'd in our* Senſe *of His true Greatneſs, by the* Nearneſs, *and* Familiarity, *with which we obſerv'd it. But, when, from the* Diſtance *of deſcending Ages, our*

Poſterity ſhall look up, *toward the Records of the preſent Generation, and inquire in vain, for the very* Names *of ſome* prouder *Princes, who* reign'd with *him,* His *Memory, and the Splendor of his never-to-be-forgotten* Glory, *ſhall caſt a Brightneſs over his* Æra, *and Millions, not yet to be born, till a* Thouſand Years after his Death, *ſhall remain* ignorant *of what paſs'd in the Days of their* own Grandfathers, *while They ſhall be* more learned, *and inlighten'd, than* We *are, in the Character, the Purpoſes, the Actions, and the Virtues, of this illuſtrious* Dignifier *of the* Human *Nature!*

FOR my Part, I have put my Heart *in* Mourning, *as for the Death of a Sovereign, whoſe* Subject *tho' I was not born, yet I even conſider'd him in a* nearer Relation; *for he was the Common* Father *of our very* Species! *His noble Mind was too magnificent, and* open, *to be* fill'd *with thoſe contracted Ideas, of* national,

and

and meaſur'd Diſtinctions: *He had Room, in his unbounded Breaſt, to* take in *the whole* World's *Diſtreſſes*; *and conſider* MAN *as His* Dependent: *and* HIMSELF, *as God's Great* Subſtitute!

THE Eclipſe *of this all-dazling* SUN, *will ſhew us*, NOW, *among the* Stars, *of* Majeſty, WHICH *reſembles him, moſt nearly, in his* Brightneſs, *and his* Magnitude. — *A Thouſand* Virtues *will break out, and charm us, in the* Dusk, *we owe to his Abſence: None of which wou'd have been vigorous enough to ſtrike the Notice of Thoſe who ſhall diſcover them, had they remain'd* abſorb'd *in the ſuperior Luſtre, which has, now, withdrawn its Influence.*

HAD my Genius allow'd me Fire, *but in Proportion to my inflam'd Intention, I wou'd have conſecrated to this Prince's Memory, an* Offering, *leſs unworthy Him: But it is impoſſible to walk with* Steadineſs, *when we*

pre-

preſume to tread ſuch Heighths *as* His *were!* —*To* ſpeak of, *without* diminiſhing, *ſuch Actions, as the* Ruſſian Monarch's, *were almoſt as* arduous *a Task, as to* perform *them! And the humble Conſciouſneſs, I draw, from my Reflections on* Humanity, *thus infinitely* exalted *above the Level of all* common Excellence, *ſhoots in, upon my private* Vanities, *ſo ſharp, and powerful a* Correction, *that my* very Pride *will learn, hereafter (as often as I but think on This Great* Hero's *Death, and Character) to ſhame itſelf into* Humility, *by this mortifying* Conſideration —*That, ſince* Worms, *and* Duſt, at laſt, *poſſeſs a Body, ſo* important, *and ſo* reverenc'd! *There cannot be in Nature, a more* ſilly, *and* contemptible *Amuſement, than even the* nobleſt *of all thoſe trifling, and inſignificant* little Purpoſes, *which buſy, and provoke, the* Paſſions *of ſo* obſcure *a Wretch as* I am!

A. HILL.

March *the* 21ſt. 1725.

PREFACE

THE NORTHERN STAR.

BORN in an Age when Virtue's [Vigour fails,
Where Praiſe is *dumb*, or *ſpeaks*, as [Change prevails;
Where ſhrinking Courage ſtoops [at *Want's* Controul,
And Fortune's ebbing Tide o'erwhelms the [Soul;
Where hard-preſs'd *Truth* the dang'rous *Conteſt* [flies,
And, with low Flatt'ry, ſhameful Safety buys;
Where ill-judg'd Worth, by Power, and [Wealth is weigh'd,
And ſervile *Poets* make their *Art* a *Trade*:
Riſe, generous Muſe, and let the Wand'rers [know,
'Tis baſe to *praiſe*, where we no Praiſes *owe*;

That Juſtice ſcorns an undue Fame to ſell,
And nothing claims Renown, but *meaning well*;
That He diſhonours Verſe, who bows his [Theme,
To Great Mens Malice, or to Rich Mens Flegm;
That, thro' all Forms, the Muſe ſhou'd *Merit* [trace,
A Bleſſing! unconfin'd to Rank, or Place:
That narrow Minds conceive not Subjects right,
And *Love*, not *Hope*, ſhou'd wing the Poet's [Flight.

Extend thy Truth-plum'd Wings, unbyaſs'd [Muſe,
Diſcern with *Caution*, but with *Boldneſs* chuſe;
If, in ſome dusky Corner, thou ſhalt find
A ſcanted Fortune hide a noble Mind,
Diſperſe the Cloud, and be the Labour Thine,
To teach the *ſhameſac'd Vertue* how to ſhine.

Or, where thou ſeeſt ſome thriving Churl [with-hold
Th' enliv'ning Uſe of his impriſon'd Gold,
If, *meanly proud*, the Wretch diſdains to weigh
The Wiſe Man's Wants, againſt the treaſur'd [Clay,

With ſcornful *Satire*, pierce his frozen Heart,
Till Senſe of *Shame*, does Love of *Praiſe* impart.

O'er *Stateſmens* Actions keep a watchful Eye,
The Stains, *They* make, aſſume the blackeſt Dye;
If, rais'd by Chance, ſome Wretch, not form'd [for Sway,
Exerts the *cover'd Beaſt*, and hunts for *Prey*;
If, *all untaught in Power*, he drives with Rage,
And, bluſt'ring, *ſhakes* his temporary Stage;
Whiſper unwelcome Notice in his Ear,
That where *Abuſe* ſpreads wide, *Revenge* is near.
But ſtay!—Thou may'ſt a *nobler* Aim purſue,
And ſtrip the *Souls* of *Monarchs* to thy View:
Their *good* Example ſways unfix'd Mankind,
And *dim-ey'd Princes* make whole Nations *blind*.

Undreading, therefore, where Occaſion calls,
Enter proud Palaces imperious Walls;
There, Good, or Ill, detect the reigning Fact,
For Truth is Truth, however Princes act.

Sublimely *fir'd*, I ſnatch the glorious Aim,
'Tis *great*, *indeed*, to give the *Royal* Fame;
But where, O ſpotleſs Light of *Reaſon's* Eye!
Where, among *Princes*, does *Diſtinction* lie?
Shall my *own* Sovereign's Praiſe inrich my [Lines?
No — with *known* Force *Domeſtick* Glory ſhines:
Falſehood were *baſe*, — and *needleſs* the Deſign,
To ſay to Angels, *Heaven is all Divine.*

Northward, unbridled Muſe, direct thy [Flight,
Where a *new Sun* inflames the *Land* of *Night:*
Where Arts, and Arms a riſing Empire *found*,
Doom'd to refine the World, and gird it round.
Thou, mighty CZAR, in that *contracted* Name,
Shalt *outreach* CÆSAR, in thy Power and Fame;
Led by thy forming Hand, *Victorious* ſtill,
And almoſt *new created* by thy Skill;
Reſiſtleſs Legions wait thy doomful Nod,
As Hoſts, from *Moſes*, watch'd the Will of GOD.

Thou

Thou Godlike Object of my Muſe's Praiſe,
Thou, beſt invok'd! inſpire my riſing Lays!
Kindle my glowing Soul, with Fire, like *Thine*,
And lend me *Blaze*, to make thy Wonders ſhine:
Tho' right to mark how tow'ring *Eagles fly*,
Requires the Sharpneſs of an Eagle's Eye;
Tho' *high-rais'd* View does beſt a *Proſpect* ſhow'
Which he can ill deſcribe, who ſtands too *low*;
Yet, if, aſpiring to the Theme, I find
Thy Glory's Luſtre ſtrike my op'ning Mind;
O Prince! the grateful Arrogance forgive!
No genuine Muſe, ſo charm'd, can *ſilent* live.

Periſh that narrow Pride, to *Cuſtom* grown,
That makes Men *blind* to Merits, not their *own*;
BRITON, and RUSSIAN, differ but in *Name*,
In Nature's Senſe, all Nations are the ſame;
One Univerſe claims one Creator's Care,
And Man is *Reaſon's Subject*, every where.

While

While untrae'd NILE with ſwelling Torrent [ſtrays,
And Oozy Wealth, in annual Floods, conveys,
Memphia's rich Plains confeſs'd Improvement [know,
And to the ſpreading Stream wide Harveſts owe;
Yet does not *Ægypt*, *ſingly*, praiſe the *Nile*,
Which, greatly partial, does on *Ægypt* ſmile;
Ægypt, and all the World, the River claim,
Ægypt, in *Influence*, and the World, in *Fame*:
So RUSSIA, neareſt, feels the inbred *Heat*,
But the warm'd World, the diſtant *Brightneſs* [greet.

Ages, obſcurely paſs'd, unmark'd by Fame,
Had almoſt robb'd this Empire of its Name;
Unmeaſur'd States lay hid in Noiſeleſs Reign,
And RUSSIA took up Half the World, in vain;
Weakly inſpir'd, the Maſs mov'd ſlowly on,
Like ſtruggling *Nature*, e'er *Creation* ſhone!
Till rip'ning *Time* a boundleſs *Spirit* ſent,
Divinely *fix'd*, to ſuit the *Compaſs* meant!

He breath'd prolifick Vigour o'er the Land,
And moulded *Order*, with his formful Hand:
The ſwelling Energy of Power flow'd wide,
And bore down proud Obſtruction, like a Tide;
In ſudden State, a dreadful Empire roſe,
Which, late, no *Hope*, and, now, no *Danger* knows.
In Marbly Mountains, thus, when bent on Gain,
Men blow up concave Rocks, with nitrous [Grain;
Too weak, at firſt, the Blaſt oft fails its End,
And fruſtrate Clouds, with forceleſs Flaſh, [aſcend;
But when, adapted to the Cavern's Size,
A ſtronger Heap th' experienc'd Artiſt tries;
No more, in vain, th' expanded Thunder breaks,
But, burſting all, impetuous Paſſage makes;
The groaning Mountain reels with loos'ning [Weight,
And yields, reluctant, to its forceful Fate;
The Cave, unroof'd, with ſudden Splendor [bright,
Glitters with mingled Rocks, and new-born [Light.

Did

Did not, O Prince, thy Love of Arts ſoft
[Charms,
Ungrind the keener Influence of thy Arms,
Well might the jealous World malign thy Sway;
And, anxious, *wink* againſt thy Stream of Day;
But thy great Soul has taught them, That the
[Brave,
Wiſh not to Conquer, but with View to Save.

Learning, with Joy, ſhould conſecrate to Fame,
The lucid Clearneſs of her Champion's Flame;
His double-graſping Hand, at once, diſplays
The Martial Laurel, and the Peaceful Bays:
Beneath his Shade, where Tempeſts dare not
[blow,
Safely they twine together, as they grow:
Not ſo, of Old, when fierce, in horrid Arms,
The needy North pour'd forth her *Gothick*
[Swarms;
Roughly they *warr'd* on Worth, they cou'd
[not taſte,
And blindly laid the Tracts of Learning Waſte;
This Heaven remember'd, and, with kind
[Command,
Call'd for *Atonement*, from the barb'rous Land:

The

The conſcious Prince, diſdainful of the Crime,
Guiltleſs, ſprings forward, to *uncurſe* his Clime;
And nobly vows, to *give* the Nations more,
Than the World's Empire, ruin'd, *loſt* before.

Illuſtrious Nature! Fitly fram'd for Power!
So Gods, for Incenſe, did their Bleſſings ſhower!
So *Ruſſia*'s Chief, Himſelf a *God* in *This*,
Rewards Subjection with Returns of Bliſs!
How vaſt the Engine! and the Force how [great,
That cou'd ſo ſwiftly move ſuch pond'rous [Weight!
Enormous Man! who, while his boundleſs [Sway
O'erſpreads unnumber'd Nations, every way;
Meaſures not Greatneſs, by his Country's [Length,
Nor will to *kneeling Millions* owe his Strength;
But (Heav'n-like) ſelf-dependent Vigour ſhows,
And *gives*, not *takes*, what Power from Number [flows.

Divinely ſtor'd with Views, and rich in [Schemes,
For loading Fame, with everlaſting Themes,

With *Glories* He enamels o'er a Land,
Which almoſt ow'd *Diſtinction* to his Hand.

From frozen Climes, where Nature, ſtiff [with Cold,
Nouriſh'd no Hope, and, void of Joy, grew old;
Warm'd by the Monarch's Worth, we riſing [ſaw
A Spring of Virtue, and a Bloom of Law!

Doubly Supreme, this Prince, with wide [Controul,
Governs the Body, and impowers the Soul.
While *common Kings* their Views, ſupinely, ſcan,
And meaſure, what they *will*, by what they *can*,
Thou doſt, at once, with over-pow'ring Sway,
Command, and make Men *able* to obey;

Tranſporting Thought! Let me indulge [thee long,
Thou ſhew'ſt what Cauſe makes Crowns and [Kingdoms ſtrong!
No more, let ſtubborn Nations diſagree,
And *colour* thin Pretenſions to be *free*:

Thoſe

Thoſe Subjects the moſt glorious *Freedom* ſhare,
Whom *we call Slaves*, in *ſuch* a Sov'reign's *Care*:
Slaves are dull Wretches, who, deceiv'd by [Names,
Promote, unknowingly, their *Spoiler*'s Aims,
Who dream *Rebellion* makes a People *free*,
And wear *new Chains*, as Marks of *Liberty*;
Till, waking into Thought, they *feel* in vain;
And groan, beneath ſome Fellow-Traytor's [Reign.

If grateful *Athens*, by her THESEUS led,
THESEUS, who gave her ſcatter'd Limbs a Head:
In laſting Praiſe embalm'd his cheriſh'd Fame,
And bow'd obedient to his worſhipp'd Name;
If Wiſe LYCURGUS is Immortal grown,
Whom proud *Laconia* proudly call'd her own;
Whoſe ruling *Ghoſt* kept *living* Pow'r in Awe,
And, thro' Time's Changes, ſtretch'd a Length [of Law!
If ROMULUS lives glorious to this Day,
For pointing out to *Rome* her deſtin'd Way;

For calling Courage in, from *private* Harms,
To *op'ner* Miſchiefs, in *united* Arms;
What Praiſe, prodigious Prince! ſhall dare to [tread,
In awful Circles, near thy Sacred Head!
To whom not *one* ſmall Portion, *ſingly* kneels,
In Thanks, for *ſep'rate* Benefits, it feels,
But Nations, numberleſs, as *Libyan* Sands;
Adore the Bounties of thy reaching Hands;
Thy Hands, to whom, delighted with thy Praiſe,
God gave not Lands to *govern*, but to *raiſe*:

New-blown Ambition fires each Northern [Soul,
And thaws the Icy Influence of the Pole;
The ſhaggy *Samoid*, ſhaking off his Snow,
Warms his cold Breaſt, with new Deſire to *know*:
The rugged *Tartars*, from whoſe ſwarthy Bands,
A Gloom of Horror us'd to ſhade thy Lands,
Charm'd by thy Virtues, bow before thy Throne,
Aſſume new Natures, and *fix'd Dwellings* own;

New Beams of Learning, active, as the Wind,
Now firſt flame out, and light up half Mankind;
Dark Superſtition, like a Miſt, diſpell'd,
Quits a Dominion, thro' long Ages held;
And *Ruſſian* Arms a glittering Terror caſt
O'er Lands, where ſcarce the *Ruſſian* Name
[has paſt.

Shame on the Bards of our degenerate Days,
Who proſtitute to Gain, their ſullied Lays!
Who think it fruitleſs for a Muſe to *roam*,
And, poorly, place their whole Regard at Home;
The World's *my* Country; Born no matter
[where,
Man is a Denizen of *Earth* and *Air*;
The Juſt, who, in full Light, all Merit ſhow,
Love ev'n the *hoſtile* Virtues of a Foe.

Weak, with Aſtoniſhment, my Verſe purſues,
But flags, beneath this tow'ring Prince's Views;
Where are the loſt Effects of Stateſmens Wiles,
Whoſe ill-ſchem'd Policy the World beguiles?

How

How have they vainly beat one devious Road,
And ſigh'd at growing *France*, with falſe Fore-[bode;
While, unobſerv'd, th' exulting *Northern Bear*,
Grinn'd, over *univerſal Empire*, *there?*

Thence ſudden Fleets have ſhadow'd diſtant [Seas,
With Power, Self-rais'd, and ſcorning ſlow [Degrees;
At Pleaſure, they deſcend on every Shore,
And ſtarting Nations hear new Thunder roar;
The *Swede*, alarm'd, does Fortune's Change [upbraid,
And ſees th' *aſſaulted* Enemy *invade*;
Th' aſſiſted *Dane* learns Jealouſy, from Fear,
And hates his *Helper*'s Strength, diſplay'd too [near;
The furrow'd *Baltick*, a Third Lord obeys,
And, to ſtrange Keels, unwilling Homage pays.

The Virgin *Caſpian*, this bold Lover wooes,
Nor vainly for her envy'd Favour ſues;
Already won, ſhe has her Love confeſs'd,
And giv'n him leave to wander o'er her Breaſt;

Perſia's

Perſia's heap'd Wealth, will her vaſt Portion be,
And Eaſtern Kings ſhall give her Lord the Knee.

A Rival Pow'r, in Naval Struggle try'd,
And ſtretch'd along the ſtormy *Euxine*'s Side,
Has taught the *Porte*'s imperious Walls to ſhake,
And *ſhall* the *Sultan*'s Iron Scepter break;
Grecia's loſt Fame ſhall be reſtor'd by Thee,
O Monarch, doom'd to ſet an Empire free!
Yok'd *Helleſpont*, whoſe Stream, ſubmiſſive, glides
Indignant, and a conquer'd World *divides*;
Shall ſee, while thence thy deſtin'd Thunder [roars,
Europe, and *Aſia*, trembling to her Shores;
Then ſhall the floating Towers, which boaſt [thy Sway,
New-greet their *Ruſſia*, by an untry'd Way.

While, thus, thy awful Power *more awful* [grows,
They ſwell thy Glory, who thy Aims oppoſe;
The ſelf-priz'd Lords of *China*'s boaſtful Land,
Feel their Pride faint, beneath thy pow'rful [Hand;

The

The trackleſs Waſtes, which both vaſt States
Are Yearly, even when *arm'd* with *Winter*, try'd; [divide,
O'er Realms of Snow, thy fearleſs *Sleds* can
And bring, at Eaſe, the dreadful Diſtance *nigh*; [fly,
In vain, oppos'd, their long fam'd *Wall* they ſee,
It keeps them *in*, but cannot keep *out Thee*.

Zembla's high Cliffs, eternal Hoards of Froſt!
Where proud *Diſcovery* has ſo oft been *loſt*;
Thro' all the Ages of the World, till now,
Have check'd the Keels, that would thoſe
Like *Nature's Barriers*, they all Search withſtood, [Oceans plow;
And bound Ambition up in freezing Blood;
Reſerv'd by Fate, and for Thy Reign deſign'd,
Thy piercing Eye, ſhall the wiſh'd *Paſſage* find;
Or, to the Weſtern World, the Eaſtern join,
And ſee the Profit, and the Glory thine.

Stop, Head-ſtrong Muſe, and e'er we farther
Look down with Caution on the Depth below; [go,

Pro-

Proſpects ſo vaſt, the raſh Approacher fright,
And, dazling, *wound* the uncollected Sight;
Congratulate, a while, the promis'd Gain,
And, with ſome *Joy*, relax thy *Wonder*'s Strain.

Shall then, at laſt, beneath propitious Skies,
The *Croſs*, triumphant, o'er the *Creſcent* riſe!
Shall we behold our *Chriſtian* World's Diſgrace,
Reveng'd, in Arms, on *Oſman*'s haughty Race!
Shall modern *Greece* ſhake off a Captive's Shame,
And look, *unbluſhing*, at her ancient Fame?
'Twill be! Prophetic *Greece* rehopes her own,
And hails her CÆSAR, on the RUSSIAN Throne!
Athens again ſhall teach; *Corinth* aſpire,
And *Theban* Breaſts glow, with rekindling Fire;
Once more *Byzantium*, deſtin'd long to ſhine,
Shall rear the ruin'd Name of *Conſtantine*.

Transcendant Prince! How happy must [Thou be!
What canst thou look upon, unbless'd by Thee!
What inward Peace must thy brave Bosom know,
Whence conscious Virtue does so strongly flow!
The Toil of Ages pass'd, in *Ruins*, lies,
How *well tim'd* therefore, does thy Greatness rise;
To shew, how swiftly destin'd Glory climbs,
And build Examples for succeeding Times.

Such are the Kings who make God's Image [shine,
And justly dare assert their *Right Divine*;
No Earth-born Love of Rapine whets their Will,
Or tempts their Power, unhostile Blood to spill;
But mindful, with what *Hope* wise Men *obey*,
They show'r down Comforts from their gentle [Sway.
To raise the Humble, they extend their Hand,
And chase Oppression from each rescu'd Land;

With

With equal Juſtice, they both *ſheath* and *draw*,
The Sword of *Battle*, and the Sword of *Law*;
Skill'd in the *Means*, they ſtrike the purpos'd *End*,
And govern *cool*, what they with *Warmth* defend.

How bleſt were Man, wou'd Heav'n here-
[after pleaſe,
That *all* Earth's Princes ſhould be form'd like
[Theſe!
Wiſh it, O Muſe, howe'er the Wiſh be vain,
It gives *ſome Joy* to hope th' *unlikely'ſt* Gain:
Let me, at leaſt, the *fancy'd* Change create,
And hug the *Proſpect* of a Bliſs too great:
Say, Muſe; what Happineſs from thence
[might flow,
And what Improvement wou'd blind Fortune
[know?

Were ſuch the happy State of Nations made,
No ſilent Modeſty cou'd Merit ſhade;

The Shine of Power, ſhot far and wide about,
Wou'd reach dejected Worth, and point her out:
Pity wou'd ſoften the reflecting Mind,
And Senſe of Miſery make the *Mighty* kind;
A faithful Miniſter each Poſt wou'd fill,
Not rais'd by Faction, but preferr'd for Skill;
The Judges Bench, by Juſtice, crown'd with Awe,
Wou'd break that Bulk of *Form*, which blunts
[the Law:
Wou'd, from *Oppreſſion*, clear the Road to *Right*,
And from the Films of *Bribery*, free the *Sight*:
Truth, always own'd, wou'd need no Help
[from Power,
Nor rich Men's Pride, the poor Man's Wants
[devour;
Diſtinguiſh'd Diſtribution wou'd ariſe,
And, to *deſerve*, wou'd be to *win* the Prize.

Thou, *Ruſſian* Star! that makes the *Pole*
[outſhine,
The Torrid Brightneſs of the burning *Line!*

Drawn

Drawn by thy beamy Force, I ſtill wou'd gaze,
But my Eyes *ake*, beneath th' oppreſſive Blaze;
Deſcend, raſh Muſe! from the bold Theme retire,
Thy Fall were dang'rous, if thy Flight were [higher.

Forbear, great Prince! nor, with ſuch [Swiftneſs leſs,
Shook, by our Fears, we wiſh thy Worth were [leſs:
Leſt Heav'n ſhou'd ſcarce thy *now-mourn'd* [Abſence bear,
When Earth yields no *new Labour* worth thy [Care:
But while, amaz'd, thy Miracles we trace,
Teach us, where *firſt*, we ſhou'd our Wonder [place;
Hard the Deciſion! which moſt Honour won,
Thy Actions, or the Speed, with which they're [done:
When *Rome*, that glitt'ring, that Immortal [Name,
Aſpir'd to Rule, and panted after Fame,
Age, copying Age, ſtrove with progreſſive Will,
To puſh the ſame Deſign, with equal Skill;

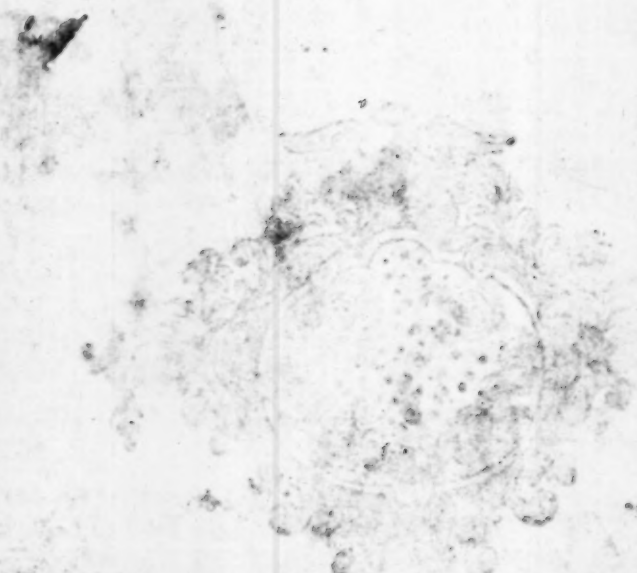
And

And when Eight hundred lab'ring Years were [past,
The late propitious Fortune ſmil'd at laſt.

Not ſuch ſlow Riſe, O Prince, thy RUSSIA fears,
Thou ſeeſt not Glory, thro' ſuch *Depth* of *Tears*;
At once reſolv'd, at once the Columns riſe,
Which lift thy dreadful Fabrick to the Skies:
Form, and Degrees, let *earthy* Spirits need,
Thy Soul, excentric, moves with inbred Speed:
Makes Nature ſhake, and raiſes in a Day,
What, with *leſs Eaſe*, in Ages, ſhall decay.

So when young Time, in Chains, Exiſtence [kept,
And huddled Nature in dark *Chaos* ſlept;
Th' *Eternal Word*, to ſet Diſtinction free,
But ſpoke th' Almighty *Fiat*——*Let there be*:

Millions

Millions of Ways, the ſtarting Atoms flew,
Like clung to *Like*, and ſudden *Order* grew;
Strugg'ling in Clouds, a while *Confuſion* lay,
Then dy'd at Once, and loſt itſelf in *Day*.

The E N D.